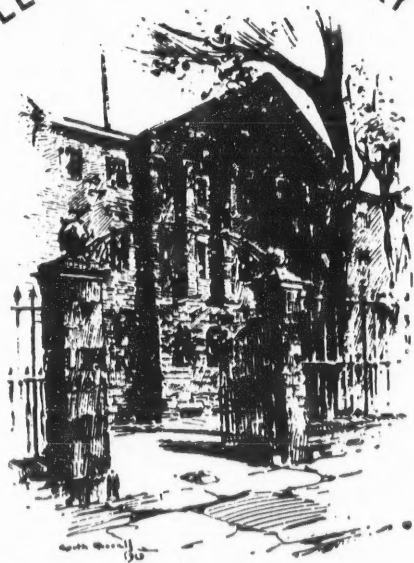


NOVA SCOTIA
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY



PROVINCE HOUSE

SOUVENIR

OF WOLFVILLE AND GRAND PRE

WITH LOCAL DIRECTORY
AND HISTORICAL NOTES.



This is Acadie—this the land
Heroic hearts have died for ;
This is Acadie —this the land
That weary souls have sighed for.



By D. O. PARKER, M. A.

WOLFVILLE, 1897.



PRICE 25 CENTS.

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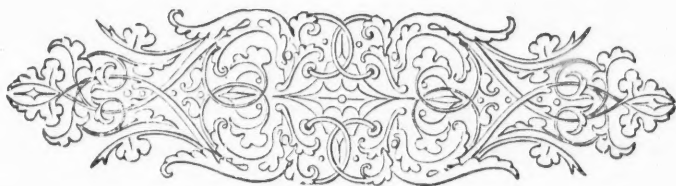
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Oh! for the Bard of Auburn's melting strain!
Oh! for a Harp whose strings are tuned to pain,
To sing the horrors of that fatal day
When from their homes and country torn away
The sons of Minas left Acadia's shore
To weep and wander, but return no more.

JOSEPH HOWE.

THE REV. SAMUEL MOODY SAYS GRACE.

THIS booklet is unique in its absence of illustrations and superlative expletives. The pictures are omitted because the highest art falls infinitely short of the divine originals. The superlatives are omitted because the indescribable is only disfigured by useless embellishments. As the shortest "way there," in this fast age, is chosen as the best way, BREVITY is made the order of this Souvenir.

After the capture of Louisburg from the French, the Rev. Samuel Moody greatly distinguished himself. He was the most long-winded and clamorous divine in the Province at craving a blessing. The victory was celebrated with a great feast. All held their breath when he began, and thus the Rev.

Samuel :—" Good Lord, we have so many things to thank Thee for that time will be infinitely too short to do it, we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Amen." And so with these jottings.

FREDERIC S. COZZENS

the distinguished author of the Sparrowgrass Papers, has the honor of discovering Nova Scotia as the "Paradise of summer tourists" Nearly forty years ago he sailed from Boston for Bermuda by the way of Halifax to recruit his health among palms and orange groves. On reaching Halifax he at once became enamored of the Province, abandoned his island trip, explored the Acadian Land, and enthusiastic in the admiration of his new discovered country, wrote a charming book,—*Acadia; or a Month with the Blue Noses*. He says, "That the idea of visiting Nova Scotia ever struck any living person as something peculiarly pleasant and cheerful, is not within the bounds of probability. Very rude people are wont to speak of Halifax in connection with the name of a place never alluded to in polite society—except by clergymen. As for the rest of the province, there are certain vague rumors of extensive and constant fogs, but nothing more. The land is a sort of terra incognita." Near the close of his book of more than three hundred pages, he says,—“Much as we admire the various bays and lakes, the inlets, promontories, and straits, the mountains and woodlands of this rarely visited corner of creation—and compared with it, we can boast of no coast scenery so beautiful—the valley of Grand Pré transcends all the rest in the Province.” The last line of his book is “There, out lamp! and good night! tomorrow ‘Home, sweet Home!’ But I love this Province.”

WOLFVILLE

is historic and classical ground. With its old dikes and waters, fertile hills and dales and French willows, the never failing weeping relics of Acadian settlements, it is closely associated

with all the traditions, romance and story of the Evangeline of Grand Pré. On the breezy hill-side overlooking scenery of indescribable beauty are the graceful buildings of Acadia University and its affiliated institutions. The Baptist church of Wolfville is the oldest organization of that communion in the Dominion, and is noted for having had only three pastors in one hundred years. A word of caution here. The stranger must not "orient" himself by the vane on the church steeple for in some wild, windy freak it has lost its orthodoxy, and over the Bible it proclaims a perpetual falsehood.

PLEASANT WALKS

are always open through the College grounds, and up University Avenue, through the orchard of 3,000 young apple, pear, plum and peach trees to the "Ridge" in the rear where the revelation of this magnificent view may be seen and felt, but never told.

GASPEREAU

is a quaint and unique little farming village nestling in the bosom of the mountains. It is best seen from the "Ridge." Take Farnham Avenue, and a mile or a little more, will bring you to the Pilgrim's Gate, while the road turns away to the left. Pass through, the obliging proprietor will make no complaint; a short distance on the path through the field, and the panorama of your life is spread out before you.

EARNSCLIFFE GARDENS

a few rods west of the University grounds, are always open to visitors. In ante-dike days the tides of the Basin flowed up to these. By permission, I may with this Souvenir introduce the tourist to W. C. Archibald, Esq., the genial and enterprising proprietor, who, when at home, is always pleased to meet visitors and expatiate on the beauties and profits of scientific fruit culture.

GRAND PRÉ

is three miles east of Wolfville. A summer visit to Acadia would be incomplete without a tramp through this land of song and legend—the home of Evangeline—made famous by the sweetest idyl in the English language.

“Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
tresses.”

It is entered by four different routes. 1st. By rail;—2nd. By foot; the pedestrian will take Main St., east through old time farms and orchards and return by the old road over the hill;—3rd. By carriage; up Highland Avenue and down the northern side of the Gaspereau River;—and 4th. cross over the river and down on the other side.

PLEASANT DRIVES.

Gaspereau Mountain, 4 miles; Black River Falls, 5 miles; White Rock Mills, 5 miles; Starr's Point, 4 miles; Canard, 5 miles; Look Off, 13 miles; Blomidon, 21 miles; Grand Pré, 3 miles; Kingsport, 12 miles.

LONGFELLOW'S

brother, Samuel, several years since, visited this Land of Evangeline, and when asked by the lady who had the honor of being his escort, made answer:—“After writing as he had, he was afraid the visit would be a disappointing one to himself.”

EVANGELINE'S HOME.

“Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.”

Longfellow's statement, that “Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré,” is wanting a little in the

"essential element." Northward from the railway station in the field are the

OLD WILLOWS;

exotics from Normandy, that have wrestled with the storms for two hundred years. Their wide branching tops have been repeatedly cut off and are now dwarfed in comparison with their giant trunks. A near inspection shows the inside of their trunks are much decayed, and have cavities where children might play hide-and-go-seek. These willows are almost indestructible; cut them down and a thousand will spring with new life from the stumps. The tourist may take a branch from an Acadian willow and use it for a cane while he makes the tour of the province, and on his return home, if planted in very wet ground it will take root and grow.

EVANGELINE'S WELL

So-called, is a little in front of the willows. The plow-share had been over it for ages, and there the grain had grown. It was discovered a few years ago by treasure seekers digging for hidden gold. When cleaned out, many valuable French Acadian relics were found at the bottom, supposed to have been put there at the time of the expulsion. West from the well is the site of the

CHAPEL

from which the exiles embarked to the transports, discovered by its underground foundation. I visited this place a few days since, when the ground had been newly plowed, and now have at my house relics, personally gathered, of old hand-forged nails, fragments of melted glass, charred fragments of wood and remains of bricks and slate from the chimney, which were once a part of this old sanctuary where Colonel Winslow once encamped his company, and where the Acadians were held prisoners, and was afterwards burnt with all the other buildings of the surrounding country, except one barn.

THE FRIAR'S HOUSE.

A few steps west of the Chapel, are the remains of a cellar, which without doubt belonged to the house of the friar. There was a road between this and the chapel, the line of which is seen by the willows southward across the railway up the hill. It was here that Colonel Winslow was encamped when Prebble wrote him from Fort Cumberland, 24th Aug., 1755, congratulating him,—“we rejoice to hear of your safe arrival at Minas, and am well pleased that you are provided with so good quarters for yourself and soldiers, and as you have taken possession of the friar's house, hope you will execute the office of priest.”

THE OLD ACADIAN GRAVEYARD,

is a little east of the well. In the summer of 1896 the late proprietor of the American House disinterred a coffin from this old ground. Though not less than 150 years old it is in a fair state of preservation. It is very large and quaint in construction and fastened with nails that might have been forged in the smithy of Basil the blacksmith. But little of its ancient tenant remained in it. It may be seen at the American House. Near this is a large flat stone from beneath which another coffin was exhumed several years before, and left in the R. L. Station at Grand Pré, till it was all taken away, and it is facetiously reported, a thousand feet of old lumber besides, as souvenirs from the home of Evangeline.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

There were several of these in Grand Pré and one in Wolfville in the Earncliffe Gardens. The one now pointed out as the smithy of Basil the blacksmith was, perhaps, a furnace where iron was made from the ore. It is on the west side of the road leading from the station south. Some years since three or four barrels of iron ore and slag were gathered from this place. On passing by this ground, June 23rd, and

observing it had been newly plowed, I ventured to trespass through the barbed-wire fence, and was rewarded by finding several pounds of iron ore, a piece of bituminous coal and a large rusty forged nail. It is possible the coal may have been dropped there in later years.

COLONEL NOBLE

and his company were killed on the hill southerly from the station, seen from the railroad, by the French, Jan. 1747, eight years before the expulsion of the Acadians; comprising his brother Ensign Noble, and Lieutenants Lechemé, Jones, and Pickering with about seventy privates and non-commissioned officers. The officers were buried on the hill between two apple trees, and the privates a few rods west from there by the road side, and partly in the road, near the post office. The mound was removed some years since to make place for the road. These are marked by crosses. Judge Weatherbe has fixed a tablet by the Gaspereau River, on a tree in his private grounds marking the place where the French crossed the river on snow-shoes who massacred Colonel Noble and company.

THE OLD CHURCH, GRAND PRÉ,

on the hill is a typical relic of provincial meeting houses a century ago. It was built about ninety three years since, and is fast going to decay. The key is kept for the benefit of tourists, by the amiable lady across the street. Its interior is very quaint. At the time of taking these "notes," June 24th, 1897, a part of the pulpit bible was in place, from Deut. VII. to the XI of Luke. The rest had been appropriated by *devout* visitors. In front of the pulpit was this Notice.—"Please do not destroy the pulpit hangings; someone has already taken part of the fringe. The Covenanters still hold service in this church. Evangeline never worshipped in this building." A small contribution box near the door with padlock appeals to the generosity of the visitor. On it is inscribed "Contributions

solicited in aid of the debt on our new meeting house." In the rear of the church is an old

GRAVE STONE IN LATIN,

the spelling is imperfect, the Latin defective and the lettering peculiar and quaint. The final letters of the word next to the last of the fourth line I could not decipher. I give the words without their peculiarities, which cannot be represented with type. The first words of the first and second lines are broken off the stone and are here restored.

Hic in Deposito Jaset Corpus Georgii Gilmore
 Qui vigesimo die Septembris anno sue Ætatis octogesimo
 octo mortuus est Anno Domini 1811
 Ille manibus Presbyterii Ordinis ac Runnocce erit
 Perque multos annos Evangelium Predicavit.
 Quen nonde tramite pecto.
 Impiasacrilegae flexit contagio turbæ
 Peruorios casus pertot discrimina rerum
 Fide ique plenus tenteno acque propositi.
 Multis ille bonis—evilisque occidit.
 Memento Moris.

TRANSLATION.

The following is a translation of what the Latin evidently intended to record. It is difficult to understand some of the abbreviated characters. The engraver made several mistakes, corrected by interlining.

Here lies in safe-keeping the body of George Gilmore, who died on the 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1811, in the 88th year of his age. He was ordained and set apart by the hands of the Presbytery and for many years preached the Gospel. "Through varied misfortunes and many vicissitudes of life," no unholy influence of the sacrilegious world ever caused him to swerve from the right path. He died rich in the deserved confidence of others, highly honored, and esteemed by many worthy men. Be mindful of death.

The classical scholar will recognize the quotation as the 204th line of the first book of Virgil.

THE METHODIST CHAPEL, GRAND PRÉ,

has apparently passed through a more disastrous whirlwind than the mis-placed vane of Wolfville. It reminds the visitor of the peculiar horse exhibited by an enterprising New Englander ; a horse in the barn with his head where his tail ought to be. A few steps before the front door in the back end of the church is a small leaning head stone in a good state of preservation. A face is rudely engraved on the top of it, so quaint and primitive that it might have been the work of a Miemac, and under that is this inscription,--

Hear lieth the Body
of hannah Brooks who
DeParted this LiFe on
The 3o of May 1767
Aged 3 Months.

This is the earliest record of the dead I have found after the expulsion. In the grave yard on the opposite side of the street are three massive stone tablets. On one of them is this inscription ; " In memory of Jonathan Crane, Esq., who was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, New England, and died 29 August 1820, Aged 70 years. There lies the remains of Joseph and Jonathan Crane sons of the above. The former died 8th Oct 1790. The latter died 21 Dec 1793. In the 15th year of their age." Mr. Crane was one of the one hundred who came from New London, Ct. about 1761. Another of these tablets is in memory of Wm. Allison who departed this life May 23rd 1812 in the 63 year of his age and of his wife who died 1792 and three of their children one of whom was named Humility.

OUR ANCESTORS.

About six years after the removal of the Acadians there began a steady flow of emigration into the province of families who became industrious citizens on the shores of Minas Basin and borders of the Bay of Fundy. Two hundred settlers came from Boston, one hundred from Rhode Island, one hundred from New London, one hundred and eighty from Plymouth, and two hundred from the North of Ireland. These represent largely the ancestors of Wolfville and surrounding districts.

THE INITIATED

can point out the relics of old Acadian roads and settlements in every section of old Minas or Horton. About one mile and a half east of the P. O., a private way leads in by C. C. Harris's to one of the most picturesque nooks imaginable. There are old willows in grotesque shapes and attitudes with hollow trunks, bending over the cliffs and bowing and drinking the rippling brooklet at their feet, and old apple trees and remains of old cellars, and a remarkable road leading down to the dyke, built at the creation, where the Acadians passed up and down a century and a half ago. Hours might be spent in this weird nook dreaming over the once happy people who dwelt, "where the richest were poor and the poorest lived in abundance." Even in the rear of Acadia University there are remains of Acadian cellars. Two or three years since, on the hill, beyond the brook, an old hoe was found under the roots of a large stump. And in the University museum there are several relics found near the college brooklet. A valuable cabinet of these relics was lost when the college was burnt. From the location of old cellars it appears that the Acadians had a passion for building near flowing water and seldom dug wells. The circumstance, that they were so suddenly and unex-

pectedly summoned from their fields to the Chapel of Grand Pré, and from there, at the point of the bayonet, to the transports, may explain why so many relics of agriculture have been turned up by the plow-share, and those found near old cellars may have been buried with the hope of their recovery in the future.

PRIMA VISTA,

is the name given to Nova Scotia 400 years ago by Cabot, the first name given to any place on the continent of America. Under De Monts as Governor General it was called Nova Francia.

ACADIA,

is now used as the poetical name for Nova Scotia (New Scotland). It occurs first in the commission of De Monts "*et territoires de la Cadie.*" It is of Indian origin and means "abounding in." This name was originally given to the whole of N. S., N. B. and a part of Maine, and at different periods was called Cadie, Arcadia, Accadia, and L'Acadie, and is now widely known as the "Land of Evangeline." Two or three years since an American journalist and tourist gave it the name "Evangeland," a name too good and appropriate not to be perpetuated.

CAPE BLOMIDON—BLOW-ME-DOWN.

Much of the time a stiff wind blows over the Cape and down on the waters of the Basin, and if fishermen were not on their guard their boats would be blown over, and themselves turned over. And so the Cape was called Blow-me-down and from that was contracted into Blomidon. As late as 1847 Dr. Gerner in his History of New Brunswick spells it Blomedon.

GRAND PRÉ.

The French Grand Pré was derived from the great meadows or marshes, and now embraces the territory made famous by Longfellow. The old French village of Grand Pré was between the railroad and present village.

WOLFVILLE

received its present name about seventy years ago. Previous to that time it was known by a significant, but not very poetical phrase derived from the mud and water near the junction of Main St., and Gaspereau Avenue. The DeWolfs were the leading families of this place, then aspiring to the dignity of a village. By mutual consent the De was dropped and the place named Wolfville. Haliburton in his History of Nova Scotia, 1829, spells it Wolfeville.

BASIN OF MINAS OR MINAS BASIN.

Minas is supposed to be derived from the French "Les Mines"—The Mines. The name was originally given to the whole French or Acadian section south of the Basin of Minas (Horton) so called from the fact that minerals were found in the vicinity. The name was transferred from the land to the water—Basin of Minas. *Horton* is the name of a place in England.

GASPEREAU.

Legend says is a compound of Gasper and eau. Gasper was a gentleman who died on his way to Acadia and was buried near the mouth of the river. Eau is the French for water, hence the water near his grave was called Gasper-eau, i. e., Gasper

water,—Gaspereau. Others say it takes its name from a river in France. It is sometimes spelt with an *x*, *eaux*, the plural for water.

BLUE NOSE,

is a name given to Nova Scotians, as Yankee is to New Englanders, and is only rightly applied to the descendants of the early colonists from New England. It probably had its origin from the *blue* noses seen here in the frosty days of January. It is certainly a much more honorable name than *Red-noses* so often met in other countries, and sometimes seen dodging from the back doors of peculiar places in N. S.

HONORABLE NAMES.

For a history so brief and a population so limited, Nova Scotia records a long list of brilliant names. They are found in science and literature, religion and education, in commerce and diplomacy, in the university chair, and on the episcopal throne, at the bar and on the bench, on the battle field and in the councils of peace. There is only room here for a passing notice of a few :—

CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD BELCHER, author, mathematician and Arctic navigator. SIR WILLIAM WINNIETT, who left his native Annapolis a sailor boy and died as Governor-General of the Cape Coast in Africa, where the marble records his brilliant career. REAR ADMIRAL PROVO WALLIS, who achieved the most brilliant victory in the American war of 1812 by bringing the Chesapeake into the harbor of his native town.* SIR GEORGE

*An English journal says the Chesapeake "was taken to England in 1814, and in 1820 her timber was sold to Mr. John Prior, miller, of Wickham, Hants. Mr. Prior pulled down his own mill at Wickham and erected a new one from the Chesapeake's timbers, which he found admirably adapted for the purpose. The deck beams were 32 feet long, and served without alteration for joints. Many of these timbers yet bear up the marks of the Shannon's grapeshot, and in many places the shot are still to be seen deeply imbedded in the pitch pine."

WESTPHAL, wounded in the battle of Trafalgar, and had his hand shot off at Havre de Grace while holding the flag of truce. VICE-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. WATTS, the poor orphan boy of Halifax, kindly cared for by the Duke of Kent, and died wearing royal medals and full of naval honors. DONALD MCKAY, of Shelburne, later of New York and Boston, the self-made man, and prince of ship builders, who built the "Great Republic," the "James Baines," and the "Lightning." The last two, the swiftest ships, up to that time, that ever crossed the ocean. JUDGE C. HALIBURTON, Sam Slick the clock maker, whose quaint house still stands in Windsor between the College grounds and the River Avon. ABRAHAM GESNER, Geologist, M. D., F. G. S., A. N. S., author of many scientific publications, the discoverer of kerosene oil and the mode of extracting oils from coals and other bituminous substances.

REV. THEODORE S. HARDING, of this town, one of the founders of Acadia University, quick and quaint, and Nova Scotia's most celebrated pulpit orator. HON. SAMUEL CUNARD, of Halifax, the first to establish a line of steamers between the old and new world. A massive piece of plate was presented to him as a mark of kindly feeling and appreciation of his enterprise, with the following inscription:—"Presented by the citizens of Boston, Mass., to the HONORABLE SAMUEL CUNARD, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, whose enterprise established the line of British steam packets between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, United States of America, 1840." At that time his boats did not always come up to time, which gave rise to the phrase "a cunard," used as a synonym of a falsehood. The name of MARSHALL, the learned judge and philanthropist, is embalmed in sweet memories in this land of his birth and other lands as another Howard. CAPTAIN PARKER, who fell gallantly fighting in the Crimea, and MAJOR WELSFORD, who fell in the memorable battle before Russia's frontier, have their names and deeds recorded on a monument in Halifax. GENERAL WILLIAMS,

the hero of Kars, made Knight Companion of the Bath by Victoria, and afterwards a Baronet. GENERAL INGLIS, the heroic defender of Lucknow, shut up there for eighty-seven days, surrounded by fifty thousand maddened rebels like fiends thirsting for his blood, short of provisions, the sick dying all around him, with faith in God stood firm at his post till the martial music of Havelock's camp reached his ears, and Lucknow was relieved. And SIR JOHN THOMPSON, the late Premier of the Dominion of Canada, whose brilliant career is too recent to need recording. And Joseph Howe, the printer youth, the journalist, the statesman, the governor of Nova Scotia, and peerless orator of America.

HON. JAMES W. JOHNSTON, lawyer, Queen's counsel, Attorney General, Judge in Equity, politician, statesman, Premier of Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Governor, and the eloquent chieftain who triumphantly vanquished his political foes and secured educational rights to the Baptists of Nova Scotia. REV. S. T. RAND, D.D., LL.D., Micmac missionary, learned in many languages, author of Micmac Dictionary, translator of the Scriptures into Micmac, and many other publications.

These are only the beginning, but space fails for further notice of the dead, and it is not prudent to say much of the living. Nova Scotia's representative men, distinguished for heroism, statesmanship, learning and enterprise, are in all quarters of the world. And yet there are two familiar faces often seen in the streets of Wolfville, full of years and laden with honors; one was born in a neighboring town, and by adoption a citizen of the United States, to whom with pleasure and pride I give a passing notice, and introduce him to the American tourists as their own American Consul. DR. EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1814, was one of the first students in Horton Academy, 1829; for several years was chief of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, author and publisher of voluminous

state documents, some of which have been translated into several languages of Europe. He has several autograph letters from lords of Great Britain, Presidents of the United States, Governors and representatives of learned societies. He honorably distinguished himself, and gave no offence by declining to drink wine at dinner in the palaces of the Emperor of Russia and Grand Duke and other members of the Imperial family, and by declining to drink wine with the Prince Dolgorouki, Governor-General of Central Russia. He has a diamond ring presented to him by the Emperor Alexander the 2nd of Russia. It has the Emperor's initials and a crown in gold and small diamonds encircled by eight large ones.

The other is the REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D., LL. D., the peerless educator of the Dominion and late President of Acadia University, five years Professor and twenty-eight years President of Acadia University, lives in the last right-hand house on Acadia street. DR. SAWYER was born in the United States in 1827, and while always loyal to our country and institutions, has remained an American citizen.

A teacher unrivalled, in learning profound,
Long reigned o'er the hill and the region around ;
He gave to Acadia the best of his days,
And thousands now living are singing his praise.

Alumni in future his picture will greet,
And think of the lessons they learned at his feet ;
The throne of the chieftain he filled with renown,
And jewels of honor shine bright in his crown.

The Rev. T. Trotter, D. D., his successor, will reside in the house opposite, now undergoing repairs.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

Acadia University and affiliated institutions belong to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces and have "co-education," and a staff of not less than thirty instructors. They commenced with an Academy, in an old farm-house in 1829, the last department affiliated is the Edward W. Young Manual Training School. Many distinguished men in all departments of honorable achievement have studied in these institutions; in statesmanship such as SIR CHARLES TUPPER, late Premier of the Dominion; in learning DR. SCHURMAN, president of Cornell University; in critical scholarship, progressive education and poetry, T. H. RAND, D. C. L., author of "Minas Basin and other Poems"; in martial heroism, CAPT. WM. B. C. A. PARKER, the courageous soldier of the Crimea; in medicine the HON. D. McN. PARKER, M. D., L. R. C. S., D. C. L., of Halifax; in authorship, J. L. BISHOP, the compiler of the History of American Manufactures," and at the time of his death, one of the chief officers in the Bureau of Statistics at Washington; REV. S. T. RAND, D. D., LL. D., Micmac missionary, learned in many languages, author of Micmac Dictionary, Latin Poems, translations of Scripture into Micmac, &c. &c.; J. ALFRED FAULKNER, of Grand Pré, Prof. Historical Theology, Drew Theological Seminary, Specialist.

THE BASIN OF MINAS

receives the waters of nineteen rivers, and its tides rise the highest of any in the world. Haliburton says the spring tides at Chignecto, rise as high as seventy feet. Blomidon in a bee line, is nine miles from Wolfville, and is about five hundred feet high.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Our American ladies, when reading "Evangeline," or when visiting this historic ground, must for a little lay aside their sentimentalism against old England and remember that it was their own New England ancestors who caused to be written this painful page in Acadian history. The spirit of the campaign may be inferred from an extract of a letter from Capt. Murray to Col. Winslow the very day the prisoners were driven from the chapel to the vessels:—"Dear Sir,—I received your favor, and am extremely pleased that things are so clever at Grand Pré, and that the poor devils are so resigned." * * * I long much to see the poor wretches embarked and our affairs a little settled, and then I will do myself the pleasure of meeting you and drinking their good voyage, &c., &c." These two men, Murray and Winslow, were those who set the trap to catch the Acadians in their own chapel. At this time there were about 18,000 French in the Province, 1,923 were made prisoners at Grand Pré and all their buildings burnt except one barn.

GEORGE, the great-great-grandson of an English clergyman who was dispossessed of his living by Oliver Cromwell, 1643, on the ground that he was "a public tippler, oft drunk and loud against the Parliament";—he, George Washington, was protecting Virginia from the incursions of the French and Indians while Colonel Winslow was burning the homes of Grand Pré. This is simple history and no reflection.

TOURISTS must not believe all the wonderful things told them about the Land of Evangeline. Only a day or two ago a gentleman driving a tourist in Grand Pré, and indulging in a little pleasantry, reigned up his horse, as he met a couple of tourists in the street, and a very white heifer standing near, and very gravely asked, "Is that Evangeline's heifer?" The strangers very soberly made answer—"We cannot tell you sir," evidently regretting their inability.

THE HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA IN MINIATURE.

This province was the first land discovered on the continent of America, just 400 years ago. The first settlement was made under the name Cadie by the enterprising protestant Frenchman, DeMonts, in 1604 at Port Royal. This colony was broken up about nine years later by an English captain, who based his claim on prior English discovery. He took the people captive and destroyed the settlement. About eight years after, this province, with much adjacent territory under the title Nova Scotia, was granted to a Scotch nobleman, Sir Wm. Alexander, who sent out a colony to take possession and subdue the wilderness. His ownership was brief. In 1632 Charles 1, by treaty, restored it to France. In 1654, Oliver Cromwell sent an expedition against Nova Scotia and retook it and raised the British standard. Thirteen years later it was again under its old name Cadie ceded by treaty to France. For twenty years the colony had repose with a population of about nine hundred Frenchmen. In 1688 it was again taken from the French by an armed force from Massachusetts, and awarded to the government of that colony. Nine years later it was for the third time given by treaty to the French. A few years after the country was again captured by the English and ceded by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, to Great Britain. At that time Cape Breton was not a part of Nova Scotia and was in the hands of the French, it was ceded to the English after the capture of Louisburg in the treaty of Paris, 1763. The Acadians were exiled from Grand Pré and their buildings burnt in 1755.

Thus for more than 260 years the province was the scene of unceasing change and hostilities which crippled all efforts to progress and enterprise. And if now we are a little in the rear of our neighbors across the line, in material progress and enterprise it is only because the tender plants of colonization have been so often uprooted. With our inexhaustible mineral wealth, rich agricultural grounds, genial climate, communication

by water everywhere within thirty miles, universal education and an intelligent people now waking to a full sense of their rich inheritance, a bright and prosperous future is before this Peninsular Gem of the ocean.

HOW TO DRIVE.

"The rule of the road
Is a paradox quite;
To the right you are wrong,
To the left you are right."

AMERICAN TOURISTS will observe that our Laws of the Road are not like their own. When meeting, their carriages both turn to the right ours always turn to the left, and in this way both drivers can have their eyes on the wheels and avoid collision.—What Americans call "depots" on railroads are here designated "stations."

RIP VAN WINKLE OF ACADIE.

In this land of wealth and pleasure,
In this land of peace and plenty,
In this land of song and story,
In religion's light resplendent,
And by learning's lore exalted,
When the plowmen turn the furrows,
Plowing deeper than were wont to;
By the plowshare's deep intrusion,
From their hidden beds of slumber,
Wakened from the sleep of ages,
Rise the relics, worn and wasted,
Relics of an ancient people,—
Rip Van Winkles of Acadie;—
Had they voices they would tell you,
Ere forsaken and forgotten,
Ere entombing sands of ages,
Kindly, gently drifted o'er them,
Basil with his clever hammer
Forged them in the village smithy;
In the smithy by the willows,
Where the wasteless cinders show you,

Once it stood there quaint and dingy,
With the broken carts about it :
In their resurrection quaintness,
They would tell in mournful story
Of sweet Freedom in Acadie,
Peace and plenty in her dwellings,
Olive plants of childhood twining
Round parental hearts in gladness,
And the Virgin's benediction ;
Tell the story of devotion
To an alien king and country ;
Of resistance and subjection
On the wasting fields of battle,
Bonds of love and kindred broken,
And of wandering exiles weeping,
Lonely, friendless and neglected,
With their harps upon the willows,
In the land they left behind them,
" Home, sweet home," no longer singing.

To our homes of joy and gladness
Memories sad come oft intruding,
Memories of Acadian sorrows,
Right or wrong as we may view them.
With no foes our peace disturbing,
And no crown our claims disputing,
For Acadians dead and living,
While we reap the fields they planted,
Promenade o'er graves forgotten,
Sing their woes in verse immortal,
Sit beneath the weeping willows,
Gaze upon the scenes of rapture
Once their joy and inspiration,
Tune the harps unstrung they left us
To the charms of life and beauty,
Circled by this wide horizon,
Where the mountains and the waters
With the infinite are blending ;
We will drop the tear of pity,
And will pray, God bless their children.

HOTELS, BOARDING HOUSES AND LIVERY STABLES.

ACADIA SEMINARY Hotel, the Finest Summer Resort in Nova Scotia. Centrally situated and commanding a view of the whole Evangeline Country. Grounds and surroundings unequalled. Accommodations for one hundred guests. Terms, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day ; Special Rates for parties and by the week. F. P. Rockwell, proprietor, formerly of Rose Cottage.

HOTEL AMERICAN, T. B. Messenger, Proprietor. An ideal location for Summer Tourists. Special attention given to Commercial Travelers. Good sample rooms, telephone, electric lights, hot and cold baths. First class Livery in connection, carriages meet all trains. Tourists will find Lew Duncanson, the liveryman, the prince of drivers and the Oracle of Grand Pré and regions around.

HOTEL CENTRAL, J. W. Selfridge, Proprietor. Situated in the most central part of Wolfville. Furnished with all modern improvements, hot and cold water baths. Terms, \$1.50 per day.

Livery Stables in connection with Hotel Central. The finest stable in the Valley, with latest equipments. Competent drivers acquainted with all places of interest. Weddings promptly attended to. Terms moderate. W. J. Balcom, Proprietor.

EDWARD CHASE, the Pioneer Driver and Guide. Livery Stable, reliable drivers. First-class teams at short notice, night or day.

HIGHLAND LODGE, Highland Avenue, (four doors south of Acadia St.). Light and airy rooms. Terms, \$1.00 per day ; \$5.00 each a week for small companies of Tourists.

O what enchanting views are here !

What mountains, hills and vales !

How beautiful is all around !

O see the distant sails !

These exclamations oft are made,

When standing by my door,

By those who take the landscape in,

And view the distant shore.

D. O. Parker, Proprietor.

KENT LODGE. First-class accommodations for Tourists. Pleasantly situated in the Land of Evangeline, within a few minutes walk of the Station. Carriages at depot. So-called because Queen Victoria's father was once lodged there. Great preparation was made for his bed-chamber. As a soldier he refused to sleep in the bed and took it rough and tumble.

ROYAL HOTEL, J. W. Beckwith, Proprietor. Newly built and furnished with all modern improvements. Special attention given to Commercial Travellers. Good sample rooms free. Free Livery in connection. Accommodation for 75.

HOTELS IN GRAND PRÉ.

CLEAR VIEW HOUSE. On a breezy hill over-looking the great Dyke, Blomidon, and Basin of Minas. No prettier view in the country. Good accommodations for tourists. Terms, \$1.00 per day. \$4.00 to \$5.00 per week. Teams at the station. Henry Michel, Proprietor.

GRAND PRÉ HOUSE, W. C. Trenholm, Proprietor. Pleasant accommodations for Tourists. Terms, \$1.00 per day, for the week given on application.

"**DELAMERE.**"—A commodious and beautifully situated house in one of the finest locations for Tourists, easy of access, commands a fine view of Blomidon, Minas Basin, and Grand Pré. Terms, \$1.25 per day. Special rates for parties and by the week. Mrs. H. S. Roscoe.

F. P. ROCKWELL exhibits at his bookstore, a fine variety of Old French and Micmac curios and souvenirs.

J. T. HERBIN, Jeweller, has a fine display of Souvenirs of the Land of Evangeline, Hardy's Celebrated Photos of all Historic and Scenic Places, Souvenir China, Blomidon Amethyst in specimen or cut and set in pins, rings, etc. French wood from Grand Pré in beautiful designs. A collection of French

and Micmac relics on exhibition, souvenir spoons and jewelry. This Souvenir Booklet is also for sale at his shop a few steps east of the Post Office.

THE ACADIAN, ETC.

established in 1870 is published every Friday by Davison Bros., who are pleased to receive communications at all times from tourists and other visitors. Visitors will find in it the hours of worship in the several churches, and also the times of the meetings of the Masons, Sons of Temperance, Band of Hope, and Foresters. The School of Horticulture is located here; it is a provincial institution with a two years course and free tuition. *The Acadian Orchardist*, published here represents the agricultural and fruit growing interests of the country.

July 6th, 1897.

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ROAD TO WOLFVILLE.

T T T T T T

F C W G

T T

RAILROAD.

R S

DIAGRAM OF GRAND PRÉ, 1755.

R S is the Railroad Station, 20 rods from road to Long Island. G is the burying ground where coffins have been exhumed, 26 rods north of Railroad Station. W, old well in which many metallic relics were found when cleaned out, 20 rods from graves. C, Chapel where the French were assembled and made prisoners, September 5th, 1755, 3½ rods from the well. F, the friar's house occupied by Colonel Winslow, 5 rods from the chapel, with the road between it and the chapel. The chapel probably fronted on this road as I found traces of the chimney on the rear end from this. T T T, the old French willows, 11 rods in the rear of the chapel; about 5 feet from the ground my tape line around one gave the measurement 22 feet 5 inches, B S, the blacksmith's shop, 52 rods south of railroad. A little south of this on the rising ground, seen from the railroad station, Colonel Noble and company were massacred and buried. These measurements are only approximate, measured by pacing.

BS

LINE OF OLD FRENCH ROAD.

T

T

T

ROAD FROM GRAND PRÉ TO LONG ISLAND.

